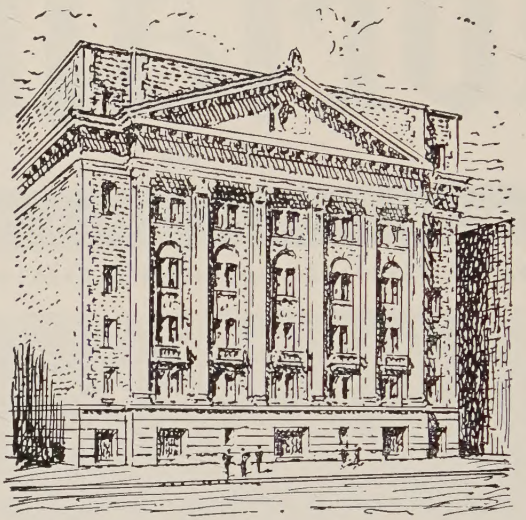
The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXIII JUNE, 1956 Number 3

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.
A poor life this, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

(W. H. Davies, from "Other Men's Flowers," selected by A. P. Wavell)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THE commencement season is upon us again. I am in the midst of giving my commencement addresses. Except for the pulpit work in church there isn't any type of speaking which I enjoy more or which has finer results. My experience at Kansas State College, at Manhattan, Kansas, was a memorable one.

I was met at the train Sunday morning in Manhattan by a committee of students who were participating in the dedication of the All Faith Memorial Chapel on the campus. On our way to the hotel they asked me if I would like to attend a church service. I replied that I always tried to attend a church service wherever I was on a Sunday. They suggested that perhaps I would like to attend the church where most of the students attend. I was most agreeable to this and so I attended the services of the First Methodist Church, where I had the opportunity of meeting the minister, the Reverend Dr. J. Walton Cole, and found him a most stimulating and interesting man. Dr .Cole was speaking on the Apostles Creed and plainly said that he did not agree with all of the creed. He is one of the most liberal minded Methodist clergymen I have ever heard and has a tremendous influence upon the student body of the college. I was gratified to see him in the congregation in the afternoon at the dedication service where I had the opportunity of meeting him again. The church was packed mostly with students.

I have rarely been a part of a more worshipful and reverent congregation and it plainly indicated the students of the college are vitally interested in religion. It must be a most encouraging and inspiring experience for a clergyman to be the minister of an active student church. I envy him the opportunity of speaking to hundreds of college students every Sunday morning. The worship service was conducted by his associate and Dr. Cole did nothing in the service except preach the sermon; and it was a great sermon! The students heard him with sustained interest and the young people of the committee who accompanied me to church said they never hear him without receiving something which is constructive and vital. It is no problem on the campus of Kansas State College to interest the student body in religion. I was told there are two or three other churches in the city which have a fine representation of students among their attendants.

The campus of the college is beautiful and the All Faith Chapel which I dedicated is one of the most adequate in expressing the purpose for which it was constructed architecturally I have ever seen. It was packed with students and visitors standing around the auditorium. It was dedicated to the students and graduates of the State College who lost their lives in military operations. The chapel will function in keeping with its name—All Faiths Chapel. Every faith and color was represented among those who are being memorialized by the chapel and the chapel will be open to all religions and faiths. It will not be used exclusively for religious purposes, but has been so designed that concerts and lectures and other cultural activities will be held there.

Never have I addressed a more responsive audience and I stood for more than an hour after the dedication

services were completed, meeting the students and parents.

I had dinner with Professor and Mrs. Herbert J. Wunderlick. This too was an event for me. Both have had great experience in the educational and artistic world. One of the most enjoyable features of the day was visiting their home, now under construction, not far from the campus on a ridge overlooking a lovely ravine and heavily wooded with shrubbery and trees. The architectural design is of their own creation and is most unusual. I hope it will be possible for me some day to return to Manhattan and see their completed home. They are both creative, artistic and vital people. The remembrance of my dinner with them will be lastingly enjoyable.

I left for Kansas City on an evening train, arriving in Kansas City at 10:30 unable to get a Chicago train until 1:30 in the morning. I spent the long wait looking through the Kansas City Station, one of the most modern and unique in the United States. Fortunately I never travel without reading material and while the wait was long, it passed quickly and I was soon on the Pullman homeward bound.

This was the second Sunday I have missed our own pulpit since Easter, something which I have carefully avoided during the years, but I am delighted I was honored with the invitation to give this dedication address and the experience will be another of the many very interesting ones throughout my professional life.

* * *

Recently I had the privilege of addressing the District Meeting of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs at DuQuoin, Illinois. Coming so soon after my address on the University of Illinois Campus for the Korean Student Aid Commission, and my visit to Kansas State College, educational matters were uppermost in my mind and my address to the Federation developed out of the inspiration of my previous talks to students. This gave me an opportunity to speak encouragingly of the future by expressing the confidence which I have in our contemporary young people—a confidence which is sometimes shattered, but never eradicated. I shall remember my visit to DuQuoin for another reason besides the appearance before the Federation. The committee met me at the station and took me to a luncheon and then to the First Baptist Church where the First District meeting was being held. A member of that committee was Mr. Schenk, who had but recently passed through a great tragedy in the loss of her husband, whose death was self-inflicted, after a disastrous financial tragedy with his Studebaker Agency in the city. Mr. Schenk listens to our broadcast and has read our books and invited me to her home after the address. She said she would like to talk with me. I realized how deep was her distress and how admirably and heroically she was carrying on her work against the background of her tragedy. The family is one of the most highly esteemed in the city. Mr. Schenk had hosts of friends. They have a very fine son who is carrying on. Mrs. Schenk took me to their lovely home which they had shared for years and which is surrounded by the most beautiful landscaping and growing shrubs and flowers one could ever desire. Many of the shrubs they had brought from various places they had visited. Underneath some shrubs I saw growing what we used to call in my childhood "Johnny Jump-Ups." She invited me to remain with her for dinner. My train left early, at 6:50 p.m. She called her son and his wife, but they already had an engagement, so I did not meet them. The dinner itself

was one which would have delighted the palate of any gourmet, for everything was home grown. She has a deep-freeze from which she took all the vegetables, the delicious fruit which we had for dessert—everything was the product of her own hands and work. To "cap the climax" she asked me if I liked sauerkraut. It just happens I do. In fact, it is one of my favorite foods, both raw and prepared. She gave me a jar of home-made sauerkraut which was greatly enjoyed at our home table. The visit we had with her, facing as she does lonely years in the loss of the companionship which was unusually close and ardently shared, was one which I know helped me and I hope helped her. On my return to Chicago I sent her an autographed copy of my book, "Happiness Through Creative Living," as a memento of an unforgetable experience. She is one of the most philosophical women I have ever met.

* * *

I look forward every year to the commencement season. In all of my ministry there has not been a year when I have not given several commencement addresses, mostly to high schools. Perhaps this contact which I have from year to year has sustained my confidence in the majority of our contemporary young people more than any other thing.

I am writing these words on the day on which I leave for Piney Woods, Mississippi, where I am going to deliver the commencement address for the Piney Woods Country School, presided over by one of the best known and most distinguished educators in the United States, "The Little Professor of Piney Woods," Dr. Laurence Jones. I cannot tell you anything about what my experience will be there until next month, but ever since I received the invitation I have looked forward to this event as one of the major opportunities of my life. At a time when the subject of Segregation vs. Integration is uppermost in the minds of the entire nation it will be an opportunity which I have coveted. I consider this problem one of the most important before the American people and if not handled carefully and properly and constructively it may set back the whole area of human relations in this country for a long, long time. As in all complicated problems the fanatical extremists on both sides are making it more difficult instead of working out a solution. The whole problem must be realistically considered. It is not insoluble. Fundamental issues are involved. The place of the United State Supreme Court in the constitutional sphere of American life is involved and the pathetic attitude on the part of some extremists who have expressed their opinions that the United States Supreme Court is unconstitutional borders on the fringe of absurdity. Certainly those who believe in integration realize the obstacles which are apparent, but if we believe fundamentally in the principles of democracy, and if the phrase "American way of life" is more than a phrase, we will work this problem out together.

I shall study as best I can conditions in Mississippi on this trip and confer with as many leaders on both sides as I can meet, and hope to say more about this after I have returned. One who has the opportunity of speaking and writing, preaching and lecturing these days, has a responsibility unprecedented. I feel very deeply the responsibility which is mine and while I have always during the past years tried to be right about our problems, I never wanted to be as right as I want to be about this difficult problem in which we are all involved, so I shall tell you all about my experience in

Mississippi next month.

* * *

Not only have I had several commencement addresses during these days, but I have had several award banquets in which I have spoken to various Junior Chambers of Commerce in the midwest. This is another of those enheartening experiences which I think are denied a great many who have nothing but criticism and condemnation for American youth. I do not think they see or know enough of the right kind of American young people. Their most severe critics seem to have the idea that there aren't any other kind except the bad kind. The Junior Chamber of Commerce is a national institution and has chapters all over the nation. Young men are eligible to membership between the ages of 18 and 35. There are no active members beyond the age of 35; and to attend, as I have, affair after affair, and see the dignity with which these young men preside, make their awards, outline their plans, talk about their programs, and give their addresses, indicates without any reservations whatever that there are hundreds of young men who are preparing for leadership in every field of life, and this constitutes the greatest asset in the creation of a great future. If I had space I could tell you of personality after personality and incident after incident which would confirm my faith. When I hear so often about the prejudice against youth and the failures and the collapses of youth, I can offset each one by 50 examples of an entirely different type of young person. It is this group upon which I am depending and upon which the nation must depend for the leadership in industry, education, religion, art and science.

I was greatly honored at one of the last meetings of the Chicago Junior Association of Commerce to be presented with an Honorary Life Membership in that Association. My appreciation was deepened when the President said that only one other man had been previously so honored, and his name is Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. I am just human enough to appreciate deeply being so honored by a group of young men whom I have known since the beginning of their organization in 1915.

* * *

My summer plans are not as complete as I wish they were at this moment, for I had fully expected to give you my complete summer itinerary. I have curtailed some of it because I feel deeply the need of some rest and also I do not want to be away from my family any longer than is necessary. June's mother, Mrs. Ben W. Haslet, makes her home with us and is not well. June being an only child does not like to leave her too long at a time, or go too far away. This will prevent her from accompanying me and led me to curtail the summer.

I am sailing from New York on June 19, at 10:30 in the morning, on the fine ship "Kungsholm," of the Swedish-American Line, direct for Sweden. On July 1st I am preaching in the First Unitarian Church in Copenhagen, Denmark, a church in which that distinguished clergyman, philosopher and spiritual leader of Denmark, Pastor Kierkegaard, has served so long and so well. We are old friends, having met frequently in Europe in past days, and when I saw him last year at the International Congress of Free Religion in Ireland, he invited me to occupy his pulpit this summer. Another honor which I want to share with you—because every honor which comes my way I feel comes to me primarily because of my church and the place the church occupies—is an invitation which I have received to address

the famous Fourth of July celebration which is held every year in Aalborg, Denmark. This occasion was organized the first time by Dr. Max Henius who was one of the great Danish-Americans of Chicago. Dr. Henius was a member of the Chicago Public Library Board with me, and we became very close friends. Dr. Henius before his death several years ago, said: "I hope some day you will be able to give the Fourth of July address in Denmark." That day has now come. Mr. Gene Hersholt, who is Chairman of the Committee, and the Committee have invited me to be the speaker this year. The Scandinavian people are a home-loving people, and those who have come to America, even unto the second and third generation, never quite lose their love of the homeland, as indeed they or any other people ought not to do, so every summer a great many of them return to Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Finland and some to Iceland, although the Icelanders are not Scandinavians. This celebration is usually attended by a representative of the King and members of the royal family of Denmark, our own American Ambassador to Denmark, and I am told has an audience of 5,000. The address is always widely reported in Scandinavia and in the American press. I am going to try and release parts of my address, which I hope will be a contribution not only to the preservation of the spirit which the day represents, but also a recognition of the contribution which the Norwegians, the Swedes and the Danes have made to the whole picture of American democracy; and the contribution they have made is tremendously greater than many Americans realize.

After July 4th I shall preach Sunday morning, July 8th, in Manchester College, Oxford, England. This will be my fourth preaching service in Oxford and I return with most pleasant anticipation. Last year when I was in Oxford, I met a group of Americans who arrived at 10:00 a.m., had lunch, left at 3:00 in the afternoon, and called it an Oxford visit. What a pity! One could spend a lifetime in Oxford and not absorb the historical significance and contribution of that ancient town with its colleges out of which have come the greatest leadership the world has known. Then I return to London, where I preach, then to Belfast and to Dublin. At the moment this is all of the schedule I can tell you about, but will tell you more as the weeks develop.

* * *

Our closing service for this, my 44th year, will be held on Sunday morning, June 10th. It has been a good year, an inspiring year, and we are hoping and working that the 45th year will be the most climactic year of my entire ministry, for we plan paying up the last remaining dollar of indebtedness on the church, which now is a comparatively small amount. It will be the greatest Sunday of my life when on the pulpit we burn the last indebtedness on the building in which we have worked so hard during the years. From an indebtedness of over $300,000.00 to one of less than $28,000.00 is a great distinction for the men and women of our church who have labored and given so unselfishly through the years. This year will be a great year. Let us all look forward to it!

NEW ENGLAND CHURCH

By GREGG CARTER

IN the May 12, 1956 edition of the Saturday Evening Post there appears a full two-page picture of one of the lovely Unitarian and Congregational churches which are to be found in nearly every New England town. This article is especially interesting to me for it is the story of the Ordination and Installation of one of my friends and fellow students, David Parke, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School and the University of Chicago in the class of 1955. I invite all the readers of the Liberalist to purchase a copy of this magazine for these pictures will give one a strong sense of where our religious heritage lies.

This lovely little church is in the tiny town of Peterborough, New Hampshire. The meeting house, itself, was built in 1825, but the congregation was gathered in 1752. How old this seems to us here in Chicago where any building over fifty years old is thought of as "historic!" It comes as something of a shock to me sometimes when people ask me what church I belong to and I reply "Unitarian." "Oh, that's some new church, isn't it?" they not infrequently ask. I always have to smile, for Unitarianism is at least as old as the Protestant Reformation and had not so many Unitarians been exiled and murdered I'm sure that we should find it much older. In fact more than one third of Unitarian churches in this country are over two hundred years old and in Europe much older. The truth of the matter is that there was a fully organized Unitarian Church in what is now Roumania in 1565 with three hundred congregations. And it is a source of great pride to me that when the only Unitarian king in history came to power in that country, the first thing he did was to decree complete religious freedom for Catholic, Calvinist, Unitarian, and Anabaptist alike. And this at a time of religious conflict in Europe when Protestant and Catholic peoples continued slaughtering each other for another two hundred years. Don't ever imagine that religion exists to bring peace!

The meeting house interior tells the story of the religious life that goes on inside it, almost without the people being present. The people are seated in high box-pews, which when one has entered he closes the door behind him, is seated, and is not distracted by the people around him. It is as if he were alone with God. The church is focused on the pulpit, with its hanging sounding board, both about ten feet above the level of the congregation. While this was done for the very practical reason of helping the preacher to be heard, it has come to symbolize the condition of a healthy church life. The minister is encouraged to be independent, not of the needs of the people whom he serves, but of popular and oftentimes hasty thinking. He is encouraged to seek what is "high up," to explore the regions of the spirit that others for lack of training or inclination are not able to do.

The kind of prophetic ministry symbolized by the meeting house is the ministry we need today. Further, the church needs the kind of responsible participation which is symbolized by the box-pew, on the door of which every family puts a plate with its name as a declaration of the responsibility which it has accepted and of the life as part of a religious community which it intends to lead.

"OVERCOMING LIFE'S TENSIONS"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, May 6, 1956

DR. HANS SELYE of Montreal, Canada, one of the great physicians and scientists of our time, may go down in history as making one of the greatest contributions in the healing arts which we have had. He has been at work for a long time in a field which has commanded the attention of the best scientists and the best physicians in the world; a thesis which is now meeting almost common acceptance among the scientists, that ALL of the physical ills which afflict man can be traced to tension and tenseness! And he has been at work, experimentally, both upon animals (in a kindly and an uncruel way, may I say, as a lover of animals and opposed to all forms of cruelty) and humans as to the relationship between tension and stress; the deterioration of the glands, with the resultant physical disability and tragedy. The attention which his fine work is getting throughout the world is assisting mightily in the field of psychosomatic medicine—a field that, but a few years ago, had not even been explored, and a great many physicians and scientists repudiated and refused to accept! THAT time has long since passed. There is neither a first-rate scientist nor a first-rate physician who does not accept the principles of psychosomatic medicine, so much so that when any one consults them for a physical diagnosis they always look FIRST for the psychical factors which may be involved in the illness! And Dr. Selye's approach is an approach which is not only going to *authenticate* much of psychosomatic medicine, but it is also going to *add* to the knowledge which we already possess of the relationship and effect of tenseness and the terrible tension of life upon the glandular system and the ability of the glandular system to produce the hormones which, when released within the body, attempt to overcome what tension has brought to the human body.

There are only three glands that operate on this basis. The first is the pituitary gland which rests under the brain. The other two constitute the adrenal glands which are just above the kidneys. These three glands together do not weigh an ounce! And yet, every time one is angry; every time one is critical; every time one is laboring under tenseness and strain and pressure, these glands immediately throw into the blood stream hormones to destroy the poison that is generated there by the experiences which the individual is having! There comes a time when those glands become tired. The conflict has gone on, perhaps, for years —the tenseness, the confusion, the terseness, the tyranny of life — and while the pituitary and the adrenal glands have cooperated, under the law in which they develop, and have tried to do their best to counteract the poison generated in the human structure, they begin to get tired and they begin to fail! Then comes disease; then comes breakdown; then comes high-blood pressure; then come all the degenerative diseases, because the power of destroying the poison, which attitudes and experiences create, is no longer there and those little glands can't pour out the hormones into the blood stream! Then old age begins to manifest itself tragically. Sometimes

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

NO matter how old you are, or how young; no matter if you are well, or ill; no matter what your status in life might happen to be, I want you to read the good news I have for you. I have good news for every discouraged, disillusioned, broken person.

It doesn't matter what you have been; it doesn't matter how you've been wounded and beaten by life; it doesn't matter that every dream has evaporated like morning dew on the petal of a flower; it doesn't matter, really! There is a power which, if you will open up your prejudices and open up every avenue in your lives, will come into your life and change it all!

You need not be dominated by the tyranny of yesterday. No matter what you have been, it can be wiped out and you can begin all over again! Life was made for victory! I have closed a thousand sermons with that, and a thousand lectures: LIFE WAS MADE FOR VICTORY! So, out of the dregs and out of the gutter and out of the failure and out of the fear, out of it all, cast it like an old, out-grown shell by life's unresting sea, and turning with your face toward the sunrise of hope and love, meet the unknown with shoulders back and chin up, determined that life for you will be beautiful!

The dawn of a spiritual renaissance is breaking—not a renaissance of creeds and dogmas, but the dawn is breaking for the greatest renaissance and re-creation of man's spiritual power that history has ever known! There will be no world war. There will never be a nation on this earth that will use the hydrogen or the cobalt bomb! Diplomats and statesmen will not stop it, but there is a universal awakening in the soul of man—black men, red men, yellow men, brown men, white men—men all over the earth are beginning to see the sacredness and the beauty of the human personality, and they are not going to permit themselves to be cogs in a wheel, and they are not going to be stampeded by the formulas of great massed media or massed pressure! The mind and soul of man is beginning to awaken again, and he is no longer being frightened by the tyranny of the powerful, nor will he be stampeded by the strength of the big!

The real man of the year in our world today may be an obscure, poor, humble man, but he is the man who will make a contribution to the spiritual progress of mankind!

"Overcoming Life's Tensions"

(*Continued from page* 9)

loss of memory; sometimes irritability —many, many, many symptoms are plain evidences that these little glands —only three in the whole human body —are no longer capable of meeting their challenge to the stress and the strain of life! And it is not any wonder that the whole field of modern diagnosis has come to the conclusion that you can resolve, ultimately, practically all of the diseases which afflict the physical human structure against the background of tension. Therefore, is there any better reason for one's learning how to overcome tensions and to escape this pressure? It has nothing to do with medicine; it has nothing to do with trying to cure something with a pill or out of a bottle—it has to do with the fundamental attitude of the person toward life! And in many respects it requires a *complete* overhauling of one's personal attitudes; of one's thinking; of one's friends, of one's religion! Many times it requires a complete overhauling in order that we might see clearly and distinctly the contributing factors that have tired out these glands which work so beautifully for us in eliminating the poisons of life which our own thinking and our own living have created! That is why I wanted to speak the helpful and hopeful thought this morning ,because none of us can escape tension—none of us! None of us can escape certain realities in this complicated world in which we live!

There are three great tyrants surrounding each of us, and you're going to be surprised, I think, when I tell you what they are. Three overpowering tyrants, that are intruding themselves every twenty-four hours of life into the aura of our personality! In a world of noise, confusion, irritation, economic struggle, political turmoil, international upheavals, the coming and the going of personalities, intensification of entertainment—complete domination of an external world over each one of us—every turn we make and every move we make, the world is with us! Now there isn't any escape from that! Therefore, logically, what should be the attitude of the individual? He should attempt to understand so thoroughly the situation that he will move in on himself and do something about it. The adjustment begins with the individual in the re-organization of his attitude toward life, toward his environment, toward his family, toward education, toward religion, toward everything. He should simply move in and say: "I have been a victim long enough! I am now going to take charge!"

Now, then, these three tyrants! What's the first one? Ha! The telephone! The telephone! There probably isn't any other thing more tragically disturbing the tranquility of life than that little bit of an instrument called "the telephone"—the telephone is constantly with us! The word that is symbolized by the tyranny of the telephone is INTRUSION! There isn't one hour of your life or mine when that little jingling bell cannot intrude! Wise is the person who, somewhere, finds time for a little place in their life, in their home, where they cannot hear it, and where they REFUSE to be psychologically and constantly alerted that it MIGHT ring! What a tragedy it is and it's doing something to the souls of people and they don't realize it or understand it! And I suppose I shall be severely criticized for saying what I've just said. I don't mind criticism at all—not at all. So go ahead and criticize! I don't know how many letters I'll receive from the telephone company this week saying that everybody should answer the telephone! I

Photograph taken of 11 o'clock Easter Day Service in The People

Chicago. Only half of the congregation appears in the photograph.

know one telephone that can't be heard and that is MINE! From the room in which I sleep I can hear no telephone ring! Surrounding one's self constantly with the tyranny of a telephone is doing something psychically to your souls and your minds. Think it over!

The next tyrant is the clock! And I'm looking at one right now and worrying about it! You see what I mean? There's no finer example. The tyranny of a clock for twenty-four hours! And the word to use with the clock—APPOINTMENT! Appointment! The bus; the train; the elevated; the store opens—the clock! Watching the clock! Think THAT over!

The last tyrant is the calendar! The telephone, the clock and the calendar are working havoc with your lives and you don't know it! For the calendar means time, dates, tomorrow, next month—TIME! And we're constantly under the tyranny that the 30th of May I must be doing this; the 20th of June I must be doing that, the 4th of July I must be doing that! The CALENDAR means ANTICIPATION; the TELEPHONE, INTRUSION; the CLOCK, APPOINTMENT! The calendar, anticipation; the clock, appointment; the telephone, intrusion! Think of those words! And of what they are doing to the tranquility of your soul. They are the first things that stir you up and make it so hard for these little glands that are working so hard to keep you well. Nature is always on your side, and if we obey and cooperate with nature we don't need pills and surgery! Nature is ALWAYS on your side! It's when we violate the natural things that trouble begins! Nature is the healer, and nature is on YOUR side —ALWAYS on YOUR side!

Do you know one of the first little wedges that gets in, to rob the personality and to cultivate the environment for high-blood pressure and for diabetes and for all of the degenerative diseases? Do you know the biggest poison of all? Resentment! RESENTMENT! There's a shorter word, perhaps, for that, for it always ripens into hate! "I HATE him! I HATE her! I RESENT them!" The person who builds resentment will destroy his health! It may take a little while, but it will be inevitable! That is why, in the basic philosophy of Christ, we find Him, always, the great curé of souls. He said: "Love your enemies! Do good to them that persecute you!" Do you have spiritual personality enough to PRAY for the person you dislike? Are YOU praying for someone you hate? If you can bring yourself to the position of praying for someone you DON'T like, someone listening to me will be well before noon tomorrow! Your resentments are in the way! There is some relationship between resentment and criticism and hate that gets into the human anatomy and works havoc with the human structure! And the little pituitary and the little adrenal says: "I'll do my best to counteract the poison in your blood stream that your own thoughts are putting there! I'll do my best!" But there comes a time when they grow tired and YOU are too much for YOURSELF! And you become ill.

Clear up the mind with an undivided loyalty! For the wisest psychiatrist, psychologist, philosopher, with a wisdom 2000 years BEFORE the wisdom of modern psychology and modern psychiatry and modern science, this Teacher of Galilee had all the answers twenty centuries before the jargon of the modern psychiatrist was ever known! In that superb beauty He said: "Consider the lilies of the field! They toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" And that other great

edict, fundamentally and permanently sound: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon!" A divided loyalty means a split personality and a split personality means a worn out gland, and the poison of our own hate and our own unkindness and our own criticisms work the rest of it! I have never known, in all of these years, a person who was critical; who always impuned some kind of motive in another; who hated people; who was unkind to people; who was uncharitable, who didn't, sooner or later, suffer! They poisoned themselves! And the remedy is in taking possession until you re-organize life under the mandate of Him who WAS life and truth and beauty!

BOOK CHATS

WE do not generally publish a letter in Book Chats, but this letter has to do with a book. The letter is from Edward Uhlan, President of Exposition Press, Inc. Edward Uhlan started business with a capital of $15 (just to impress a blonde, he says) and now is head of one of the biggest and most profitable firms in the field of publishing. He may not like me to say this, but when I looked at his photo on the jacket of his recent publication, *The Rogue of Publishers' Row,* I somehow thought of Eddie Cantor, though he doesn't look like Eddie Cantor, except he looks as wide awake as Eddie Cantor always looks—an extremely alert man. And at once I knew I would enjoy reading his book. This book is the "confession of a publisher." Who doesn't like to read confessions? It suggests getting on the inside of something. Oh, yes, the letter:

Dear Reverend Bradley:

I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy of my book, THE ROGUE OF PUBLISHERS' ROW. I know that you are interested in the publishing scene, and I trust that you will find this book worthy of review.

I know that when I met you in Chicago, I thanked you for the wonderful review you gave SQUIRRELS ON THE HILL by Monroe Toussaint. But what I never really had a chance to tell you was that as a result of your review, we were able to sell out the whole edition in practically just the Chicago area. I thought that you would like to know this so that you could accept my belated thanks. Sincerely yours,

EDWARD UHLAN, President.

Many of our readers will remember the delightful Toussaint book.

Many, many writers of prose and of poetry have sent manuscripts to Dr. Bradley, asking advice about where to send them for publication and asking Dr. Bradley to read their manuscript and give them advice on it. It so happens that to do this Dr. Bradley would have to cancel many engagements and reorganize his life work quite a good deal. Now, then, we are told we will find the following in *The Rogue of Publishers' Row:*

"A selected bibliography of books and articles about publishing.

"Encouragement and advice for the beginning and experienced writer faced with overwhelming odds. Do's and don'ts on how to find a publisher and what to sell him. A racy, anecdotal survey of books, people and events, sometimes grim but never prim. Why book reviewers write favorable or unfavorable reviews." (Of course, this is

only a book chat and I chat about books because of my own personal whims about books.) We are promised a backstage tour of Publishers' Row. Many other things we are promised, such as that it is indispensable reading for everyone who has a personal or professional interest in books, writers and publishing.

The chapter headings are intriguing: On the Left Hand of God—Candidates for Oblivion—Look Who's a Publisher—The Star Wagon—After Spillane What?—Who Will Buy My Books?—Brass Rings for Gold—Wanted: A Gray Flannel Suit—"The Editor Regrets . . ."—The Inner Sanctum—The Tilted Fig Leaf—The Royalty Road—How to Lose a Million Dollars—Hollywood B. O.—Faith, Fate and Foibles—Heaven and a Loaf of Bread Too—All I Promise Is Immortality. Then there is the selected bibliography.

Mr. Uhlan tells us that there is a left hand to publishing, though the subsidy (or co-operative, or vanity) publisher has rarely ever been written about, except with a tar brush. "It seems time to say something about the thousand-odd books and authors published each year in spite of rejection slips that the authors have not accepted as the Word of God." At one time he had an active list of 135,000 people who wrote verse and claims that on any given day in New York, there are some 50,000 manuscripts reposing in the files of the various publishers. In one year alone, one house lamented, it was offered 10,000 manuscripts. He figures the odds against having a commercial book-length manuscript published are about a hundred to one. "And yet many of the 99-out-of-100 writers have something worth saying, and insist on saying it. Concern for these ninety and nine is my special province, for except for the few who eventually find a place in the publishing program of one of the university presses, to be published at all they must turn to the subsidy house."

It matters not where one opens this book and starts reading, it is my judgment he or she will be fascinated and will give it rapt attention. It is entertaining, while it is beautifully and frankly informative. I am sure after reading it you will have a greater respect for your own opinions about books in general.

I find it a great temptation to start quoting and to keep on quoting, but that would mean re-publishing the book.

The author became a victim of polio at the age of four. So did a cousin of mine. This made me doubly interested in Edward Uhlan's story. When you read this book you will without doubt decide that you can accomplish anything you make up your mind to do. It had this effect on me. He doesn't philosophize. He gives you facts of accomplishment. After all, the actions are what speak loudest.

The reader will be amazed at the names of famous literary folk who either printed or paid to have printed their own first works.

The Rogue of Publishers' Row is biography from which you can learn much and I should think that anyone who loves books and writing would not want to miss it. In addition to that, it's fun.

In reading this book I recalled two speeches given recently at an important gathering of people. One was by a man who had become famous and was therefore a drawing card. Everything he said was good and true and appealed to the intellect. I was surprised, however, to find how cold the man's personality was. I felt in no way drawn to him and for that reason nothing he said remained with me except one theme on which I myself had recently

written. I said to myself, "Everything the man says he has gained from research in books. It's true, but I don't feel it emotionally. I don't feel that he has lived it." I felt the man was talking, to hear himself, but he wasn't trying to reach me. No warmth of personality whatever. I wouldn't as a program chairman pay $25 to get him for an organization I belonged to, though his fee is $1 a head.

The other speech was by a man who talked on good human relations, who had such a warmth of personality that you knew he had practiced those good human relations. He had earned the right, believed in what he said, and it came from the heart. To me, the other man merely spoke to make money.

Every page of "The Rogue of Publishers' Row" breathes the fact that Edward Uhlan has "earned the right." He has worked, he has lived, the book is packed with experiences from life. To me it is a research book on the publishing business, it is biography and is alive with interest. His paragraphs are often poignant, sometimes piquant and sometimes pungent.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THERE is one special treat to which I always look forward each year. It occurs in April, near the date of Shakespeare's birth and is the Annual Shakespeare Birthday Program and Award Dinner of the Friends of Literature. It was held in the Walnut Room of the Bismarck Hotel. This was their 25th Anniversary. It was also the 25th year in which Dr. Bradley has served as their master of ceremonies.

The Chicago Foundation for Literature was incorporated June 24, 1929—under auspices of Friends of Literature since 1935. Their objects: "To aid and encourage meritorious work by American writers of fiction and non-fiction—novels, short stories, poetry, drama, and other forms of literature, by means of prizes, awards, scholarships, and other methods determined by the Foundation."

The Friends of Literature (Inc. Apr. 17, 1934) has for its objects: "To study literature and to honor those who create it; to bring book lovers more closely together; to encourage the reading of good books, and to crystallize the literary spirit of Chicago into effective organization."

Since 1931 this foundation has given 74 Awards to Chicago writers.

They meet twice a month through the year from September through April, holding a luncheon meeting on the second Saturday, at the Club Room of the Art Institute; and a dinner meeting every third Thursday.

Thirty-eight of the literary people of Chicago were gathered at the double speaker's table. In addition to those of the Chicago area were Denver Lindley, Editor, Harcourt, Brace & Co., of New York; Dr. Denis W. Brogan, Professor of Political Science, Cambridge University, author and commentator; Dr. Paul Landis, Shakespearean Scholar

Professor of English, University of Illinois; Thomas Patterson, the Founder of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, of Stratford, Ontario, Canada; Dr. T. V. Smith, Professor of Citizenship and Philosophy, Maxwell Graduate School, Syracuse University, author and lecturer; and Dr. Kate Newcomb, of the biography "Dr. Kate—Angel on Snow Shoes," of Woodruff, Wisconsin.

There was Marjorie Barrows, Editor of "The Children's Hour" (and compiler of "One Thousand Beautiful Things"); Dr. Harold L. Bowman, Clergyman, Poet and Literary Critic; Winifred C. Boynton, Author and Artist; David H. Bradford, Vice President, Friends of Literature; Dr. Preston Bradley, Clergyman, Author, Literary Critic; Radio and TV Commentator, and Mrs. Bradley; Van Allen Bradley, Literary Critic, Chicago Daily News; President, Midland Authors; Mary Hastings Bradley, Novelist, Safari Adventurer; Judge Jacob M. Braude, Author; Fanny Butcher, Literary Critic and Columnist, Chicago Tribune; Myrtle Dean Clark, President, Conference of Club Presidents, Poet; Msgr. Edward Vincent Dailey, Pastor, St. Veronica Parish, Author; Capelle H. Damrell, President, Boswell Club of Chicago; Hazel R. Ferguson, President, Friends of Literature; Isabella Gardner, Poet; Herb Graffis, Editor, Columnist, Chicago Sun-Times; Gertrude Gscheidle, Chief Librarian, Chicago Public Library; Christopher G. Janus, Patron of Literature; Clara Ingram Judson, Author; Herman Kogan, Literary Critic, Chicago Sun-Times, Author; J. Patrick Lannan, Patron of Literature; Dr. Mark Neville, Educator, Author; Francesca Miller Nielsen, Poet, President, Friends of the Chicago Public Library; Frank Hurburt O'Hara, Professor of Dramatics, University of Chicago, Author; Frederick H. Palmer, Her Majesty's Canadian Consul-General, and Mrs. Palmer; Eleanor Ellis Perkins, Lecturer, Biographer; Melanie Pflaum, Novelist; Henry Rago, Editor, POETRY Magazine; Adrienne Cecile Rich, Poet; Roland Rude, Shakespearean Student, Northwestern University Graduate School; Julia Siebel, Novelist; Vincent Starrett, Dean of Midwest Authors, Bibliophile; and Louis Zara, Author.

Because Herb Graffis, in his column in the Chicago Sun-Times of Saturday, April 28th, wrote such a delightful article about this Shakespeare dinner, and thinking many of our readers may not have seen it, we publish it here, through courtesy of the Chicago Sun-Times:

HERB GRAFFIS

The Friendly Literates

"William Shakespeare and Dr. Preston Bradley split top billing at the birthday party the Friends of Literature gave for Shakespeare.

"Dividing the honors was a surprise to Dr. Bradley. Rarely does anyone live long enough to establish the record set by the durable pastor in being a master of ceremonies at an organization's annual banquet for 25 consecutive years. Even rarer is an expression of gratitude for long and faithful service in the precarious duties of a middleman surrounded by eager orators. That is why George Jessel, the persistent old pro of the banquet circuit, takes on cash for his performances. Cash is so consoling in case other formalities are forgotten.

"THE FRIENDS of Literature presented Dr. Bradley with a bust of Master Will as evidence of their affectionate appreciation of their clerical companion. The bust symbolized also the group's decision that Master Will was the original and only Shakespeare and

that Francis Bacon, Christopher Marlowe and Prof. T. V. Smith did not write Shakespeare's works, as some have claimed. The claim for Prof. Smith was made by the merry philosopher himself before the Friends.

"It must be said that the professor was making ground until it was remembered that he had been in politics in Chicago. A man who has served time in politics here can make anyone believe anything, for a few minutes anyway.

"Among the many places where the mentally and physically vigorous Bradley is perfectly cast is the Friends of Literature dinner when the society's awards are made. This affair marshals a most entertaining and interesting roster headed by Mrs. Hazel R. Ferguson, a lovely and sunny-souled notable who also is the Grandmother Superior of the Cradle at Evanston.

"WHERE HELP IS WANTED for cheering up people, you'll most often see Preston Bradley. Christenings, weddings, funerals, television and radio broadcasts, meetings of the Chicago Public Library and a dozen other boards, affairs of the Izaak Walton League, the Old Time Baseball Players, weekly lectures on books, addresses all over the country, and a multitude of other toils added to his great work as pastor of the Peoples Church, which he founded, make Preston Bradley easily the most active man in the city's public service."

* * *

Our readers will without doubt enjoy reading this letter from Mr. Bradford Dorr:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to tell you how very much I have enjoyed every single one of your fascinating book lectures, not one of which I have missed since their opening last fall. The analyses have made the subsequent reading of the books far more interesting and illuminating; and where I had read them previously, they served to bring out and to emphasize points which I had often overlooked. It was a special delight to find that *you* had especially appreciated points which had impressed me, too.

Even more am I indebted to you for having clarified my thinking on matters of religion and ethics. It has always been difficult, and indeed repugnant, to be forced to repeat a creed to which I could not subscribe, containing dogmas, doctrines and statements of alleged fact which I did not believe to be true. It has been refreshing and stimulating to hear you come out courageously in repudiation of tenets of long established sects of the orthodox churches. But since humanity is always groping for more knowledge, especially of the infinite, and for proof of a teleological basis of and for the universe and a life hereafter, it seems inevitable that each thinking mind will keep on groping for some creed, a creed upon which he can stand with conviction.

To you I owe this new feeling of solid ground under my feet, even though that ground is a mere island surrounded by a vast ocean of the unknown. Yet it is a very beautiful island, for it consists of the Sermon on the Mount and the other teachings of Jesus. That other philosophers may have said and taught some or all of them before Him merely emphasizes their veracity to me. The belief that they constitute the basis of the ideal human existence is my creed. That belief has been confirmed by your inexorable logic and rendered dynamic by your inspiring eloquence.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It's almost three weeks since we had our delightful time together here in

Cleveland, but I did want you to know how much it meant to me. It was wonderful meeting you after all these years of hearing of your splendid ministry in Chicago.

Also I want to thank you for what you did for our coeds that night. They were thoroughly delighted and enjoyed every minute of it. They have made many comments about it since. It was a thrilling evening altogether.

I do hope our paths will cross again in the future. May God continue to bless your effective ministry. Have a happy and restful summer.

Cordially, and ever your friend,

L. Wilson Kilgore, Minister
Lakewood Presbyterian Church

Dr. Bradley tells of his day in Cleveland in the May issue.

* * *

Helene Washer enjoyed our poetry number and says: "Poetry is the closest I come to real prayer, I think. Sometimes when the inner working of the spirit starts up, the tremendous overflow turns into a work of creative expression." She sent the following verse.

SUNRISE FERVOR

Make me fit, God, to save this day
From dreariness and ennui,
From malice and despite.
Let it 'bide with me
Immaculate, a fleckless sapphire
Glorying in the magic of its glow.
May it not descend into dolor
Or faint of vertigo.
O please, God, may I be able
To seal each promise, to strengthen each vow,
Let me serve this day well,
It looks so hopeful now.

* * *

And Olo Vell Bryant, who wrote about the carillon, sent the following:

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

All worship in their own way here,
And taste the joy which casts out fear.
No rock-bound rules, no rigid creed,
But solace for each mortal need.

When heads are bowed in silent prayer,
It seems that angels stand guard there
To fortify each precious soul
With only "right" and "good" the goal.

The Peoples Church—the doors swing wide,
There is no prejudice—only pride
In greeting all who care to come
And call this church their spiritual home.

* * *

The following is a quote from a letter by Mrs. Grace O. Beach, Administrative Assistant of the Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America:

"Your talks at the convention are always an inspiration to everyone, but this year you were at your finest, all Waltonians agree. In fact, you had the spotlight operator so completely spellbound he forgot to operate the spotlight on a couple of occasions. By his own admission, he realized all of a sudden that he had become so absorbed in what you were saying that he didn't have you covered by the spotlight. Thought you would be pleased to hear of this little episode.

"Our Young Outdoor Americans said the Friday night banquet and your talk will be an inspiration to them as long as they live, and I'm sure that's true of all those who were fortunate enough to hear you."

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Have just finished reading HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING, and to me it is the most helpful book for a Christian I've ever read, except the Bible. Truly it is a tonic and my soul is in closer communion with my Lord, and my life bigger for Him.

I visited your church and met you in Chicago during the last World's Fair, and feel, through your message in this book, that our acquaintance is renewed. God Bless You.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Sarah D. DeLoach,
Laurens, So. Carolina

A grateful note from Myrtle Dean Clark, President of the Conference of Presidents and Program Chairmen, who has done so much for young artists in Chicago, and who received an award at the Shakespear Dinner of the Friends of Literature:

Dear Dr. Bradley—great friend and inspiration:

You gave great pleasure to the entire audience last Saturday eve, but the most happiness of all to me. Your introduction was the apotheosis of kindliness and a Shakespearean masterpiece in itself. I was both pleased and thrilled, and yet overwhelmed with the surprising award which I shall always cherish. I know you had a selective word in choosing this particular victim.

From here on may we have a rare roast beef together instead of chicken a la king.

Warm regards to June.

Most appreciatively,

Myrtle Dean Clark.

It is well known that Dr. Bradley frequently refers to the hundreds and hundreds of helpings of chicken a la king he has consumed at woman's club luncheons during his lifetime.

* * *

Dear Friend:

Please accept my sincere thanks for the rare and real pleasure you gave us, the Lincoln Park Club of Kiwanis, the other eight clubs in the division, and our Lt. Gov. Art Reniew, on the occasion of your talk at our luncheon. You were inspiring, educational and highly enjoyable.

Please come again whenever you can and whatever the reason; in fact, even for no reason at all.

Sincerely yours,

Barnett Larks, President

* * *

From Dr. Karl A. Meyer:

Dear Preston:

I was so happy to have you with us on Sunday to help us out on the Foundling's Home. I have heard a great many words of praise concerning your address and its importance in the drive.

With my very best wishes to you, I am, Yours very sincerely,

Karl.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I wish to express my thanks to you for your talk yesterday afternoon for the Chicago Foundling's Home. You hit just the proper note and I'm sure the whole audience would agree.

My husband and I are adoptive parents of the Foundling's Home and we feel a deep gratitude and responsibility for its welfare. Your sympathetic understanding is really appreciated. I feel sure you must have done much to loosen the purse strings of those present. Thank you very much.

Sincerely, Helen Morrison.

* * *

And Mrs. Worsaa, of Chicago, says:

"Every time I listen to you I always say 'Today he was the best I've ever heard him,' yet each time you seem to get better and better. I took a guest with me today and on the way she said, "Every time I've attended a church since growing up, I've come away angry and disturbed.' After leaving your service she wants to hear you again. It just did happen that you voiced some thoughts which I fervently hoped you would.

"You have made a tremendous difference in so many lives,—my Dad's, my husband's, Scott's and mine—to name only four of them. We never come away from a service, or even a personal chat with you, without feeling such a 'lift' there is no describing it."

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

1—Three Easter Services. Peoples Church
3—Address. Chicago Chapter, I.W.L.A. Old Heidelberg Restaurant
4—Address. Racine Woman's Club, Racine, Wisconsin.
5—Funeral.
Address. Annual Dinner, Junior Association of Commerce, Elgin, Illinois.
8—Visited Temple Tifereth, Israel Congregation, Cleveland, Ohio. Heard Rabbi Abba Hilliel Silver.
Dinner at Hotel Cleveland with Justice Cal V. Weygandt, of Supreme Court of Ohio and Paul Lutz, Chrmn. of Inter-Faith Committee.
Sermon, Inter-Faith Service, Oriental Consistory Cathedral.
Dinner at Clark Ketcham's with Rev. & Mrs. Hoffman.
Address at Lakewood Presbyterian Church, Lakewood, Ohio.
10—Funeral.
Sick Call.
11—Funeral.
Address. University of Illinois, Wesley Foundation Auditorium, Champaign, Illinois.
12—Address. Food Products Club, Hotel Sherman.
Address. Memorial Dinner. Oscar Ahlgren Civic Award, Phil Schmidt's, Whiting, Indiana.
13—Address. Uptown Chicago Conservation Council, Peoples Church.
14—Funeral.
15—Dedication Address. All Faith Memorial Chapel. Campus, Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas.
In the morning went to First Methodist Church. Heard Dr. J. Walton Cole.
Dinner with Prof. and Mrs. Herbert J. Wunderlich.
17—Address. Woman's Club, Illinois Federation, First Baptist Church, DuQuoin, Illinois.
18—Address. Honoring Top Students. Lion's Club, Gary, Indiana.
Address. Junior Chamber of Commerce, Elmhurst Country Club.
Wedding.
19—Address. Kiwanis Club, Morrison Hotel.
21—Address. Suburban Girls Conference, High School, Naperville, Illinois.
Address. Dean of Schools, High School, Naperville, Illinois.
Funeral.
Wedding.
Master of Ceremonies. Friends of Literature, Bismarck Hotel.
22—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. Kick-off Luncheon for Chicago Foundlings Home.
Dinner with Dr. Marcus Bach, of Iowa Southern University, author of "The Will to Believe."
23—Funeral.
Board Meeting of Public Library.
Address. Portage Park Lodge No. 1002, Myrtle Masonic Temple.
24—Address. Mother's Club of Irving Park. Irving Park YMCA.
Address. Pilgrim Congregational Church, Oak Park, Illinois.
25—Funeral.
26—Funeral.
Address. Bohemian Woman's Civic Club Spring Luncheon and Installation of Officers. Beverly Country Club.
Address. Honor Societies Banquet for Alpha Lambda Delta Society and Phi Eta Sigma Society of University of Illinois. Navy Pier.
27—Cut records for seven summer broadcasts. WJJD.
Annual Meeting and Dinner. Peoples Church.
28—Funeral.
Wedding.
Sick Calls.
29—Sermon. Dale Carnegie Club International Convention. North Shore Hotel. Evanston, Illinois.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. First Presbyterian Church. Itasca, Illinois. Mariner's Club Supper.
30—Annual Spring Luncheon. Woman's Club. Peoples Church. Belmont Hotel.

FUNERALS

5—Stephen Stanley
10—Mrs. Cave Thompson
11—Mrs. Pearl Steinmetz
14—Edward A. Linn
21—Francis P. Johnson
23—Miss Ettie L. Smith
25—Harold Davis
26—Jennie V. Maynard
28—Verna M. Holm

WEDDINGS

18—Miriam Weir and Dean Tonelli
21—Betty Brimhall and Richard Fleming
28—Nellie Bolliger and Joseph Oswald

CHRISTENINGS

22—James Ward Freeman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Freeman
Nancy Ann Kosner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Kosner

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.
(Closes for summer June 10th. Re-opens Sept. 16)

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
(Closes for summer June 10th. Re-opens Sept. 16)

Sunday Evening Service (from November to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (January, February and March)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club (From September to May) Opening Luncheon in Sept. 1956. Summer events by notice to members. Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle, Corresponding Secretary, 4442 Magnolia Ave. (40).....12:30 noon

Professional and Business Woman's Club (From September to May) Mrs. Peggy Noble, Corresponding Secretary, 930 W. Argyle St. (40)..... 8:00 p.m.

Men's Club (From September to May) Meetings held on 4th Tuesday of month... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam* Channing Club, as announced, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday during church season. New Members Welcomed.. 9:30 a.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall.....3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year beginning with the current number. Enclosed find check . . . money order for $2.00

Name .....

Address.....

City.....**State**.....

"Happiness Through Creative Living"

by Preston Bradley

Hanover House — Garden City, N.Y.

(Dr. Bradley's new book, published February 1st)
Available at all book stores and in the church office.

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Road

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., DD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

H. B. Hunter, President
2304 Farwell Ave. (45)
Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Vice President
4231 N. Oakley Ave. (18)
Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40)
May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Wm. L. Berglund — H. B. Hunter
Robert Crosswhite — Mrs. A. S. Kredler
C. L. Frederick — L. E. McCloy
Thos. A. Harrison — John N. Powell

COMMITTEES—Finance Committee

C. L. Frederick, Chairman
Mr. Thomas A. Harrison
Mr. John N. Powell

Auditing Committee

Mr. L. E. McCloy, Chairman
Mr. Wm. L. Berglund

Church Service Committee

Mr. Wm. L. Berglund, Chairman
All members of the Board assisting

Social Committee

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chr. — Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. Robert Crosswhite — Mr. Karl H. Lemke
Mr. Harold Hansen — Mr. Wm. L. Berglund

Membership Committee

Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Chairman
Mrs. Frank Bryan
Mr. Wm. L. Berglund — Mr. L. E. McCloy

Music Committee

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chairman
Mr. L. E. McCloy

Contributions and Pledge Committee

Mrs. May H. Harrison — Miss Virginia Tolk
Mrs. Frank Bryan — Mrs. H. B. Hunter

Literature Table—Mrs. Frank Bryan

Mrs. William Emrich

Floral Chairman—Mrs. Jacob Tolk

Mrs. May H. Harrison

Musical Directory

Frank L. Bennett, Director of Music
Karen Swanson, Pianist
Cathryn Bennett, Organist
5465 W. Thomas St. (51)

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Mr. Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education
Mrs. May H. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40)
Mrs. Charles Rosseter, Secretary
4183 Clarendon Ave. (13)

CHOIR

George Jensen, President
2033 Bradley Pl. (40)
Miss Barbara Weisman, Vice-President
6440 N. Damen Ave. (45)
Miss Gertrude A. Hobart, Choir Mother
Paul Peters, Treasurer
Miss Marie A. Tilles, Secretary
Mrs. Esther Nonnenbruch, Soc. Chrmn.
Yvonne Bills, Librarian

USHER'S CLUB

Waldo C. Moe, President
5449 N. Lamon Ave. (30)
Harold Jones, Vice President
6561 Oconto Ave. (31)
Harold E. Hansen, Secretary
2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25)
Fred Soell, Treasurer
3107 Belle Plaine Ave. (18)
Frank Bryan, Sergeant at Arms
949 Lawrence Ave. (40)

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Grace Thayer Bradley, Hon. Pres.
In Memoriam
Mrs. Harry D. Stone, President
4950 Marine Drive (40)
Mrs. James F. Coughlin, 1st Vice-Pres.
1221 Granville Ave. (40)
Mrs. George Schulten, 2nd Vice-Pres.
4219 N. Paulina St. (13)
Mrs. William Frank, Rec. Sec.
4455 N. Racine Ave., (40)
Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle, Corr. Sec.
4442 N. Magnolia Ave. (40)
Mrs. Charles C. Craig, Treasurer
5220 W. Warner Ave. (41)

Directors

Miss Edith Anderberg, Mrs. Christ Larsen, Mrs. Frank Bryan, Mrs. Charles Tabor Randall and Mrs. W. L. Jones.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Marie Tilles, President
5642 N. Magnolia Ave. (40)
Miss Winifred Jacobson, Vice-President
4451 W. Montana St. (39)
Miss Joanne Plett, Treasurer, Apt. F-1,
911 Carmen Ave. (40)
Miss Dollie Kolberg, Rec. Sec.
4340 N. Wolcott (13)
Mrs. Peggy Noble, Corr. Sec.
930 W. Argyle St. (40)

MEN'S CLUB

Harlow D. Stevens, President
624 Oakton St., Evanston, Ill.
Arthur George, Vice-President
4519 N. Sheridan Rd. (40)
Harold E. Hansen, Secretary
2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25)
William Emrich, Treasurer
4840 N. Sheridan Rd. (40)
Frank Bryan, Sergeant at Arms

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director
In Memoriam

CHANNING CLUB

Mary McCoy, President
1060 Wilson Ave. (40)
George Jensen, Vice-President
2033 Bradley Pl. (18)
Don Anderson, Secretary
5404 Ardmore (30)
Vicki Staton, Treasurer
616 Barry Ave. (14)

SENIOR GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 97

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader
4249 N. Greenview (13)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Joanne M. Plett, Leader, Apt. F-1,
911 Carmen Ave. (40)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860

Mrs. Kenneth Hudson, Leader
4531 N. Greenview (40)

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Mrs. Michael Krauvice, Leader
931 Lakeside Ave. (40)